WILL THEY GET THEIR DIVORCE BY WIRELESS?

When Miss Lucille Sherdowne Married Dr. Lee De Forest, Inventor of the Telegraph System That Bears His Name, She Became Known as "The Wireless Bride," Because Her Future Husband Taught Her Telegraphy, Installed a Set of Instruments in Her Own Particular Den, and Did Most of His Courting by Wireless—And Now Comes the Sad Ending of Last Winter's Greatest Romance.

IS THERE any way of getting a divorce by wireless? If there is, they'll probably do it, and that will be the end of the prettiest of last winter's romances—that of Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the De Forest system of wireless telegraphy and vice-president of the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, and Miss Lucille Sherdowne, daugrter of Mrs. M. T. Sherdowne, of 619 West 114 street, New York.

They were married on Saturday, February 17, 1906—two days after the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding, and while the sentimental interest of the entire country was directed toward that pair of lovers. Which is propably why they escaped with scarcely more than passing notice. But even then, the story of their wooing attracted some attention to them, and pretty Lucille Sherdowne De Forest is likely to go down to history as "the wireless bride." For her husband taught her telegraphy and installed a set of instruments in her own particular den, and, it is said, did most of his wooing by wireless.

It began just about a year ago; and this is the way it happened:

Met His Fate.

Dr. Lee De Forest was hard at work in his office at 42 Broadway when he was called to the telephone to talk to a friend. And this is what the office heard: "Awfully sorry, old man, but I can't possibly." "No, really, I can't." "Wish I could, but I don't have time to go anywhere these days." "Well, I suppose I might—look in late—just for a little while." "Yes, if I can possibly make it." The friend had wanted him to come to an uptown art club, and wouldn't take no for an answer. And De Forest, having given his word, kept it, and from that hour his fate was sealed.

Among the "lot of people" his friend wanted him to meet was Miss Lucille Sherdowne. The others didn't matter. She was a bright girl, had been educated abroad, had seen all the things he hoped some day to see, and could tell him about them, had met many of the people he hoped some day to meet and could tell him about them. He was going over as soon as he could make time; meantime he was delighted to talk them all over with her. In fact, he found it increasingly pleasant to talk most anything over with her. He became quite a frequent visitor at 619 West 114th street, where she and her mother lived. He felt quite humble before her when he found that she was mistress of five languages, until she made him explain telegraphy and delightedly pointed out that here was a new language of which she knew nothing.

Of course, he offered to teach her, and the lessons began. Dr. De Forest made a small set of wireless instruments, the same in design as those used at the wireless stations along the Atlantic coast and on ocean liners, and fitted them in Miss Sherdowne's home. He had already fitted his own home at 315 West Ninety-seventh street with a similar set of instruments, and he had a third set in his office downtown.

Had An Apt Pupil.

He explained all the mysteries of the Morse code and found her an apt pupil and an eager student. It was gravely agreed that she must converse with her teacher for at least half an hour every day, for practice. Dr. De Forest's business cares did not seem so absorbing as they had been. To a casual observer it might seem a bit monstrous to repeat over and over again such sentences as:

"It is a fine day." "Do you think it will rain?" "Good morning; how do you feel today?"

Kept the Wireless Busy.

But Miss Sherdowne found it great fun, and Dr. De Forest did not seem as much bored as one might have expected. And so long as teacher and pupil found it interesting, it is of no particular importance what any one else thought.

It was not long before Miss Sherdowne was able to send any brief message, and then it began to be really fun. No matter what time of day it was, nor how busy he was, Dr. De Forest always jumped for the instrument when the "Tr—Tr—Tr—St—St—Sh—" began. And Miss Sherdowne seemed to be always within hearing of her little receiving bar the minute Dr. De Forest's call was dotted and dashed off.

Engagements for dinner, the theater, drives, and the countless stratagems that belong to the young man who has a purpose in view, especially when that purpose happens to be a most interesting young lady, were made with the wireless instrument. In fact, Dr. De Forest found that a very busy man can really find a good many minutes of spare time if he must find them.

After this had gone on for a month or so there came a day when Miss Sherdowne heard the receiver sputtering away at a great rate. It was calling her own private call, for of course she and Dr. De Forest had arranged a special code for themselves, otherwise some of the many other wireless instruments in the city might have cut in and mixed things all up.

"Yes, yes;" she answered back, after making certain she was talking to Dr. De Forest.

"May I come up this evening?" telegraphed the doctor. "I've got something very important to talk over with you?"

And of course he could, for by this time he and Miss Sherdowne were very good friends, you see. Just what he had to talk about she couldn't guess, though she was quite sure it was some new business deal.

But it wasn't. It was something far too important to be left to any wireless telegraph instrument. It was something that the young man thought he could say better for once without his pet wireless machine.

She was greatly surprised. It was "so sudden." No indeed, she couldn't think of marrying—at least, not yet.

"All right; I can wait," said a determined young man. And the wireless wooing continued. The very busy doctor found more time than ever for his messages to Harlem.

An Important Message.

Then there came an afternoon when Dr. De Forest was sitting in his office wondering if he really would win out, when a cable message was brought him from Lord Armstrong, head of the English De Forest Company, asking him to take the first available boat to London, on a matter of very great importance.

In a very few moments a message was on its way to Harlem. Sparks, splashes, and sputters fairly leaped from the little receiving bar. It was plainly excited, for never before had it carried just such a message as it did that afternoon.

Tick-tick-tick, the bar kept saying. Someone was sending a message at a terrific rate. Then there came a long pause.

Finally the sending machine that was close alongside the little receiving bar began to send a message. It must have made the receiving bar at the other end of the line pump, for it was the kind of an answer that would make any one, whether he were a man or just the receiving bar of a quiet, unobtrusive wireless telegraph instrument, wake up suddenly and take interest. "Hello! Hello! Lucille!" the message said, "I've got to go to Europe Saturday, and I want you to go with me. I'll come up tonight, if I may, and you can tell me then you are going."

Waits Over a Week.

No wonder the demure young instrument fairly quivered. It could scarcely wait to hear the answer. Miss Sherdowne was too much astonished to answer right away, but by the time evening came she had decided that she couldn't go.

"Oh, yes, you will," the persistent suitor replied. "I'll wait over just a week, and we will sail a week from Saturday."

Miss Sherdowne gasped. She wasn't even going to be given the privilege of saying no.

Sunday afternoon she was sitting in her room when her instrument began calling her. "If you will look out of the window you can see the boat you are going to Europe on," the bar said. She looked up involuntarily, and she could see the Lucania backing into her pier.

Still Miss Sherdowne said "No."

Wednesday the instrument again began calling her. "I'm coming up tonight to get your promise," the instrument said, and poor little woman, what could she do but say "yes."

There is much left to the story. Dr. Lee De Forest, or President De Forest, as his friends call him, and Miss Lucille Sherdowne were married on Saturday afternoon at the St. Regis, and they sailed on the Lucania.

Now the Awakening.

That was a short eight month ago, and now Dr. De Forest is suing for a divorce, basing his suit on the report of detectives whom he engaged to watch his young wife, and she with all the vehemence that voice and gesture can express denies his charges. "Cruel treatment, and that alone is responsible for our separation," says Mrs. De Forest, with protest stamped in every line of her little, girlish figure. She is only twenty-one. On her finger the wedding ring has had scarcely time to dull with wear, and the rubies in her engagement ring flash with all the fire of love.

"I deny in detail the accusations made against me, and against others named by my husband in his suit. Soon after our marriage, little more than six months ago, his conduct became well-nigh unbearable. This was during the time of our honeymoon in Europe. I submitted to this cruel treatment until it became intolerable, and then I left him to return to my mother. I will contest his action, and I am confident that the courts will vindicate me. I must not say any more at this time."

Mrs. De Forest and her mother are living quietly in an apartment in West Fifty-sixth street. De Witt C. Flanagan, millionaire head of the Flanagan-Nay Brewing Company, whom he names in his suit, and against whom he brings a $50,000 suit for alienation, is fighting mad. He says: "At various times prior to September 1, De Forest made known to me his financial needs in consequence of his salary in the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company having been reduced.

She May Seek Separation.

"I am very sorry on account of Mrs. De Forest, as I have known her and her family for many years, and I have the highest regard and respect for her. It was no secret that her marriage had been a failure. Her husband's ill-treatment of her created much sympathy for her, which made him furiously angry. Mrs. De Forest will prove her innocence of all charges, and if the counsel of her friends prevails she will obtain legal separation. Hitherto she has refrained from bringing such an action, not wishing to injure her husband in business."

It seems a great pity. It is such a pretty little romance spoiled. It would seem, moreover, to corroborate the prevailing impression that genius is all very well to admire from afar, but it doesn't run well in double harness. One feels inclined to send Dr. De Forest a marked copy of a recent number of Lippincott's and let him ponder well "The Bachelor's Soliloquy."

To wed, or not to wed;
That is the question.
Whether 'tis better
To remain single,
And disappoint a few women—
For a time;
Or marry,
And disappoint one woman—
For life?

"King Midas," By Upton Sinclair, Author of "The Jungle."

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

very seldom thinks of himself in an external way; when I look in the glass it is generally to think how strange it is that this form of mine should be that which represents me to men, and I cannot find anything they might really learn about me, except the one physical fact of suffering."

"They can certainly not fail to learn that," said the other.

"Yes," replied Mr. Howard sadly, "I know, if any man does, what it is to earn one's life by suffering and labor. That is why I have so mastering a sense of life's preciousness, and why I cannot reconcile myself to this dreadful fact of wealth. It is the same thing, too, that makes me feel so keenly about this girl and her beauty, and keeps her in my thoughts. I don't think I could tell you how the sight of her affected me, unless you knew how I have lived all these lonely years. For I have had no friends and no strength for any of the world's work, and all my battle has been with my own soul, to be brave and to keep my self-comand through all my trials. I think my illness has acted as a kind of nervous stimulus upon me, as if it were only by laboring to dwell upon the heights of my being night and day that I could have strength to stand against despair. The result is that I have lived for days in a kind of frenzy of effort, with all my faculties at white heat, and it has always been the artist's life. It has always been beauty that brought me the joy that I needed, and given me the strength to go on. Beauty is the sign of victory, and the prize of it, in this heart's battle; the more I have suffered and labored, the more keenly I have come to feel that, until the commonest flower has a song for me. And, William, the time I saw this girl she wore a rose in her hair, but she was so perfect that I scarcely saw the flower; there is that in a man's heart which makes it that to him the fairest and most sacred of God's creatures must always be the maiden. When I was young I walked about the earth half drunk with a dream of love; and even now, when I am twice as old as my years, and burnt out and dying, I could not but start when I saw this girl. For I fancied that she must carry about in that maiden's heart of hers some high notion of what she meant in the world, and what was due to her. When a man gazes upon beauty such as hers there is a feeling that comes to him that is quite unutterable, a feeling born of all the weakness and failure and sin of his lifetime. For every true man's life is a failure, and this is the vision that he sought with so much pain, the thing that might have been had he kept the faith with his own genius. It is so that beauty is the conscience of the artist, and that there must always be something painful and terrible about high perfection. It was that way that I felt when I saw this girl's face, and I dreamt my old dream of the sweetness and glory of a maiden's heart. I thought of its spotlessness and of its royal scorn of baseness; and I tell you, William, if I found it thus I could have been content to worship and not even ask that the girl look at me. For a man, when he has lived as I have lived, can feel toward anything more perfect than himself a quite wonderful kind of humility; I know that all the trouble with my helpless struggling is that I must be everything to myself, and cannot find anything to love, and so be at peace. That was the way I felt when I saw this Miss Davis, all that agitation and all that yearning; and was it not enough to make a man mock at himself, to learn the real truth? I was glad that it did not happen to me when I was young and dependent upon things about me; is it not easy to imagine how a young man might make such a woman the dream of his life, how he might lay all his prayer at her feet and how, when he learned of her fearful baseness, it might make of him a mocking libertine for the rest of his days?"

"You think it baseness?" asked Lieutenant Maynard.

"I tried to persuade myself at first that it must be only blindness; I wondered to myself, 'Can she not see the difference between the life of these people about her and the music and poetry her aunt tells me she loves?' I never waste any of my worry upon the old and hardened of these vulgar and worldly people; it is enough for me to know why the women are dull and full of gossip, and to know how much depth there is in the pride and in the wisdom of the men. But it was very hard for me to give up my dream of the girl's purity; I remember I thought of Heine's 'Thou Art as a Flower,' and my heart was full of prayer. I wondered if it might not be possible to tell her that one cannot really buy happiness with sin; I thought that perhaps she might be grateful for the warning that in cutting herself off from the great deepening experience of woman she was consigning herself to stagnation and wretchedness from which no money could ever purchase her ransom. I thought that possibly she did not see that this man knew nothing of her preciousness and had no high thoughts about her beauty. That was the way I argued with myself about her innocence, and you may fancy the kind of laughter that came over me at the truth. It is a ghastly thing, William, the utter hardness, the grim and determined worldliness, of this girl. For she knew very well what she was doing, and all the ignorance was on my part. She had no care about anything in the world until that man came in, and the short half hour that I watched them was enough to tell her that her life's happiness was won. But only think of her, William, with all her God-given beauty, allowing herself to be kissed by him! Try to fancy what new kind of fiendishness must lie in her heart. I remember that she is to marry him because he pays her millions, and the word prostitution keeps haunting my memory; when I try to define it I find that the millions do not alter it in the least. That is a very cruel thought—a thought that drives away everything but the prayer, and I sit and wonder what fearful punishment the hand of fate will deal out for such a thing as that—what hatefulness it will stamp upon her for a sign to men. And then because the perfect face still haunts my memory I have a very Christ-like feeling, indeed—that I could truly die to save that girl from such a horror."

There was another long silence, and then suddenly Mr. Howard rose from his seat. "William," he said in a different voice, "it is all useless, so why should we talk so? The girl has to live her own life and learn these things for herself. And in the meantime, perhaps, I am letting myself be too much moved by her beauty, for there are many people in the world who are not beautiful, but who suffer things they do not deserve to suffer, and who really deserve our sympathy and help."

"I fancy you'd not be much thanked for it in this case," said the other, with a dry laugh.

Mr. Howard stood for some moments in silence, and then turned away to end the conversation. "I fear," he said "that I have kept you more than I have any right to. Let us go back to the house; it is not very polite to our hostess to stay so long."

"It must be nearly time for my train, anyhow," said the officer, "and a moment later the two had passed out of the summer-house and up the path, Lieutenant Maynard carrying Mr. Howard's violin-case in his hand.

The two did not see Helen as they passed her. The reason was that Helen was stretched out upon the ground by the side of the hedge. It was not that she was hiding—she had no thought of that; it was because she had been struck there by the scathing words that she had heard. Some of them were so bitter that they could only have filled her with rage had she not known that they were true, and had she not been awed by what she had learned of this man's heart. She could feel only terror and fiery shame, and the cruel words had beaten her down, first upon her knees, and then upon her face, and they lashed her like whips of flame and tore into her flesh and made her writhe. She dared not cry out or even sob; she could only dig into the ground with her quivering fingers and lie there, shuddering in a fearful way. Long after the two men were gone her cruel punishment still continued, for she still seemed to hear his words, seared into her memory with fire as they had been. What Mr. Howard had said had come like a flash of lightning in the darkness to show her actions as they really were; the last fearful sentences which she had heard had set all her being aflame, and the thought of Mr. Harrison's embraces filled her now with a perfect spasm of shame and loathing.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MAGNATE

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

let the affair take its course."

"I see."

"Last night Gregson suddenly disappeared, just at a time when his absence and particularly a report of his death, would most seriously affect his interests in the stock market."

"Oh, ho, that's true!" laughed Coleman. "I ought to have thought of that."

"Now follow me, Jimmie," smiled Boyd. "I'll show you the simplicity of my deductions."

"Let her go, Felix."

"First, the unusual conduct of Finley, and then Gregson's strange disappearance. The former at once eliminated the probability of Gregson's death by accident or suicide, and left only the probability that he had been abducted. Next came the question, Who would benefit most by such a crime? Naturally, Jimmie, the big bear pool in the stock market."

"Clear as a crystal, surely."

"So I decided upon the theory of abduction. Then I asked myself how it was accomplished. Plainly enough, dear fellow, Finley had made himself solid with Gregson for only one reason—that he might safely study his habits, and easily succeed in getting hands upon him at the most critical market period. So, when Gregson went to his boat house as usual yesterday afternoon, he found it occupied by the three ruffians, who quickly sent him down and out, and after dark removed him to Astoria in his own boat, and then imprisoned him where we found him."

"Plain enough, Felix. So Finley's story of that interview on the float was all a lie, eh?"

"Out of whole cloth, Jimmie, and told with a design to create the impression that Gregson had committed suicide," nodded Boyd. "I suspected this work on Finley's part at once. A visit to the detective bureau convinced me that I was right. Yet the fellows there have cut themselves free from this affair by denying that Finley is one of their regular men. When I left there, however, I heard their telephone bell, and I decided that Finley was being warned that I suspected him. Yet that was precisely what I wanted."

"Wanted Finley to think you suspected him!" cried Coleman. "Why the dickers did you want that?"

"Because I knew that Finley then would become alarmed, and decide that I, too, ought to be put down and out for a time," laughed Boyd. "Then I easily reasoned that he, in order to accomplish it, would lead me to the lair of his confederates, and probably to Gregson's place of imprisonment, providing I gave him any opportunity to do so. You may wager your pile, Jimmie, that I very craftily gave him the opportunity—and you have seen the results."

"Indeed, I have!" exclaimed Coleman, laughing deeply. "By Jove! Boyd, you work out your successes through most extraordinary methods. Gregson ought to reward you liberally."

"Gregson is all right, I am confident of that, also of his deal with Northern Traction," smiled Boyd. "He'll win out at the finish, there's no doubt of that. I regret only one thing, Jimmie."

"What is that, Felix?"

"That I cannot get my grip on the chief culprits. I'd wager my year's salary, Jimmie, that Pollock played this game through that detective bureau, and that they in turn shouldered upon Finley the peril of the knavery."

"It certainly looks so."

"Still, Jimmie, what's the use of repining?" laughed Boyd, laying aside his pipe. "It's a long lane that has no turning, you know. I have an idea that some day, Jimmie, I shall expose the whole truth about this affair, and probably land the chief knaves responsible for Gregson's abduction. Had your dinner, Jimmie? No? Come and have it with me, dear fellow."

Next week—"The Case of the Under-Secretary."